THE PORCUPINE

DECEMBER, 1902



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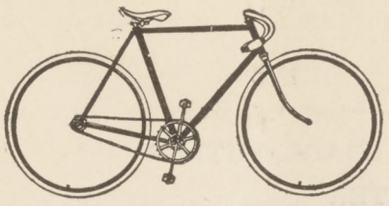
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The Porcupine.

VOLUME IX. SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 1902. NUMBER 4

PRUDENT * PEOPLE * PURCHASE * PRICKLY * PORCUPINES

CLASS POEM—XMAS, 1902

As we stand to gaze on the battle of life,
We of the Class of Nineteen Two,
To our minds come the thought of the world's great strife.
And our bidding each other a last adieu.

How oft have we trod up the High School stairs
To lessons and tasks by teachers assigned;
Coming alone, or coming in pairs,
But never a member left behind.

Four long years we have faithfully tried
To climb, each term, to a higher grade;
Searching for knowledge, far and wide
Seeking impressions that never will fade.

But now, let me sketch, in a very few words,
A few of the virtues of each of the class;
Though of their good traits not recording a third,
Yet all other classes they greatly surpass.

As soon as we found our class must unite,
We chose as our leader a boy tall and strong,
A boy who in field sports finds greatest delight
And whose face beams with happiness all the day long.

We have in our number a bright, happy maid,
With sparkling blue eyes and a warm noble heart;
Her share in all works she will never evade,
For Nannie will everywhere shoulder her part.

Robert, whose knowledge toward all science doth tend,
Is a youth that is tall, with handsome dark eyes;
Though to victorious athletics his thoughts do most bend,
Yet in deep mathematics he calls forth our surprise.

There's Helen, who wishes for grace and for ease.
She's a figure that's lithe and eyes that are blue,
If kind fates would grant her a wish that would please,
Its along social lines she her pathway would pursue.

With Will's art of persuasion in manner and voice,
As a shrewd auctioneer he'd be sure to succeed,
He'd urge each buyer into making a choice
And purchasing goods that one never would need.

Sweet Alice, among us so studious and bright,
A future has planned that few may excel;
Because of her wishes to do what is right,
We chose her our prophet, our fates to foretell.

And then, Nellie Ward, with hair dark and curly,
Comes treading to school so dainty and neat;
In class she is prompt, she is always here early,
To one who's so constant can come no defeat.

That Master Fred Wooley is bright, we all know,
He works for a field day as if for his life;
'Tis on such as he we our laurels bestow,
For he's of the mettle to win a strife.

Lulu has tastes that are purely aesthetic,
What she loves most fondly are beauty and grace;
Either songs that will thrill one with notes so pathetic
Or the beauty of mind that shines in a face.

Jesse Wright is the one with the dark auburn curls,
He's always for truth and for honesty stands,
This wins him a place in the hearts of the girls,
For 'tis boys such as he that can fill all demands.

We have among us a dark-haired Grace,
Who's career leads her on in the paths of duty,
As class historian she takes her place,
And may she portray our past in its beauty.

As we bid farewell to each other today,
Let each promise to make the endeavor
To live up to the best that is in us alway,
And preserve our class friendship forever.

—Grace Butler.

CLASS PROPHECY

One cold winter night when the wind blew and the snow fell without, I stood to watch the snow flakes fall. The thick whirl of the tiny, white specks sped thick and fast. Closer and closer they came and, in a sudden rush, caught me and softly whirled me away in their merry dance.

Everything about me was frozen and white; the brook by the wayside had put on the icy coat; the trees bowed down with their snowy burden were scattered around me; under foot, nothing was visible but the purest snow. Suddenly in the distance shone the glimmer of many lights. Following this guide I soon came

to the grandest spectacle ever viewed by human eyes. Among the trees was built a winter palace of ice.

Under the spell of beauty I stood amazed. Upheld by large pilasters of ice, the roof, glistening like so many diamonds, was hung with myriads of icicles of varying shapes and sizes. Windows and doors, made of sheets of ice, were studded with christalized drops, like precious stones in their brilliancy. Beauties of balconies and of courtyards were not lacking. I stood entranced before this vision of splendor, like Aladdin of old in the jeweled cave.

Surely this must be the hiding place of those little spirits, the elves! Cautiously approaching lest my presence would be considered an intrusion by those diminitive spirits, my fears were instantly dispelled by a greeting from the tiny porter, by whom I was conducted into the presence of the king.

Far at the end of a spacious hall, lighted with the rays of the aurora borealis, was stationed the throne. Around it in a semi-circle stood forty little pages awaiting the orders of their king. Clad in his robes of royal purple and wearing a crown of rare beauty, sat the tiny, snowy-haired king. Here awaited those inquisitive mortals wishing to solve the mysteries of the future, among whom I was one.

Having graciously received me, his royal highness, who had anticipated all of my desires, summoned a page to lead me into a chamber, where innumerable icicles, both large and small, gleamed pendant from the ceiling. Smiling with pleasure, this little elf led me to the farthest corner, where hung fourteen icicles brighter than the rest. Within these, he informed me, were sculptured the futures of the Xmas class of 1902, the less brilliant pendants holding the fast dissolving futures of the past graduates of the Santa Rosa High School.

Looking upward, I discovered in one a small picture. After careful scrutiny, I recognized the visage of our president. But, alas! his face had lost its youthful look; his brow was dark with frowns; his hair was scarce and gray. This familiar face I beheld in the office of a boys' school, meeting out with cane our counsel, the daily deserts of a wayward student.

Suddenly his cane ceases its downward strokes; his face is wreathed in smiles; his thoughts have traveled back to his boyhood when he himself had been delivered from punishment for some mischievous prank.

Another icy pendant presents a scene of splendor; a gorgeous setting of a stage on which Nanny, as a famous actress, portrays the noble Portia, encircled by the many worshippers at the shrine of the sunny-haired heiress of Belmont.

Within another crystal spar, our poetess stands in a village school patiently drilling the little ones about her upon a storied page.

A soft, sweet tinkling attracts me to another, where rippling drops have frozen into clear, pure notes of melody. These our class historian were catching to bestow upon her music pupils.

Will I see in old Deutchland, by the side of his pretty Gretchen. Here, with his grandchildren around him, he sits and relates to them, how, in a distant land, in the ancient games of base and football he made all the home-runs and touchdowns for the S. R. H. S.

A bright little icicle incloses a household scene where demure little Nell is patiently toiling midst her domestic cares, as bashful and quiet as she was in her childhood days.

The sudden sound of cracking ice drew my attention to another icicle. Here, on a platform, clearly and decisively expounding in stentorian tones, her views on the question of woman's suffrage, stood Lulu.

But the cracking of ice had as a protest not this icicle. It had come down from the one beside it, where a face, encircled with auburn curls, frowns over the maps and plans of a mining engineer. It is our Jesse.

In the next icy receptacle is a little grocery store where Fred Wooley weighs out a penny-weight of tea or five cents worth of sugar.

A picture is snow-clad Switzerland. A bright spring morning on which, in company with a gay and happy party of pleasure seekers, Helen slowly winds her way up the snowy Alps, frequently stopping to hear the echo of their merry voices from the deep canyon below.

Hearing deep voices in debate, I passed on to the next icicle. In this I saw a court of justice, over which the Hon. Robert Valdes presided. In the faces of the lawyers around him, could be traced the deep anxiety awaiting the decision of the jury.

Two icicles yet remained but set apart from the rest. Six months ago, Elizabeth Simons and Daca Perry decided to leave us; nevertheless these prophetic molders of our fate had remembered them among the class of December, 1902.

The former I see in a Stanford classroom, proudly showing how much she had learned in our High School.

The latter is settled down in a cozy home. She sits gazing at the departed vision of a renowned M. D. A cupid's bow and arrows tell the cause of the vanishing vision.

High above my head still hangs another spar. It is the last. I reach my hands to clasp it. One moment more—the elfin palace is gone! I stand at the window watching the snow flakes fall.

"I wonder how Venus de Milo came to lose her arms?"

"Broke 'em off, probably, trying to button her shirt-waist up the back."—Ex.

"If the devil were to have his tail cut off, what would he do?"

"He would go to a saloon where they retail evil spirits."—Ex.

HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1902

In January of the year 1898 the chimes of the High School bell resounded upon the quiet air. Toward the building flocked the pupils; their books under their arms, and their faces bright and happy. Some walked boldy along and entered the building with a confident air. Other timid ones stood looking about them, and one might have known by their actions that they were just entering upon the duties of a High School course. The next bell rang calling them to their seats and the great doors closed.

A class of thirty bright, happy thoughtless boys and girls, who liked fun and were determined to have all they could, crossed the threshold of the great study hall. Before six months had passed—nay three— a great many found it was not all fun and had dropped out.

The conduct of the higher student towards the Freshmen was amusing; the seniors looked upon them with an air of superiority, little realizing that in order to be a senior, one must first be a freshman; the sophomores were a little more considerate; while the juniors took them by the hand and helped them over the rough places they themselves had just passed.

When the class in biology was called, they all swarmed to the laboratory, and, before the year was up, found themselves deep in the anatomy of all kinds of animals, such as the Aemoeba, Hydras, fishworms and sharks. Some preferring the study of plant life, took up botany instead of biology.

During study hours the class flocked to the reading tables, where they learned the history of the ancient, medieaval and modern people.

The intervals of fifteen and twenty minutes in which all studies were laid aside, were occupied in different amusements. Some of the girls walked, their heads bent close in schoolgirl chatter, while others took their first dancing lessons in the basement. The boys amused themselves by playing baseball or football, in a game of which one of the class had his arm broken.

The bakery wagon always happened to pass just at recess. Immediately it was surrounded by boys and girls, nickels in hand waiting to be served. Upon receiving his doughnuts each lucky boy, followed by a crowd, left the wagon contented. Presently several boys could be seen holding a doughnut in one hand and playing ball with the other. The girl, with her bag of cookies, walked away down the street accompanied by her friend, each refreshing herself with a cake.

Entering upon the English course under the instruction of Miss O'Meara, the class took up the study of Scott's novels, Homer's Iliad, and the classic Myths. Thus passed the first year of the course.

The second year passed in about the same manner as the first had passed. Having completed the work in biology, they were promoted to the class in physiology, where they came in contact with the frog and the cat. While at work, suddenly a great commotion could be heard at the farther end of the laboratory. A little mouse, seeing the array of cats lying dead and believing the way was secure, had ventured to cross the room. The boys gave chase to the little animal, but the shrieks of the girls, who, upon seeing it climbed up to the top of their stools, were more terrified than either cats or boys, and the little creature quickly scampered back to its hiding place.

Another branch of study was taken up this year—the study of languages. Some entered upon the German course, others upon the French, but none attempted the Latin. The English this year was composed of a study of Irving's "Alhambra," and the poems "From Milton to Tennyson."

The greatest event of the year was the distribution of the term cards. The students waited with anxious looks and beating hearts to receive them and to know what their fate would be. Then what a confusion there was among the students! Some were running here and there with angry looks on their faces, hunting different teachers; others with happy faces talking with groups of schoolmates; while a few contented ones, with their books under their arms, started homeward.

During the next year, athletics claimed a large share of attention, and the preparations for the field day that had been made the previous year, made hopes of victory this year much greater. Then physics was taken up, and the laboratories swarmed with students who struggled with heat until the shivers ran down their backs, and with sound until they were almost deaf.

One hour in the week was looked forward to with great interest by most of the students. This was the hour when Congress was held, and in which many of the higher students took part. It was instituted on a plan similar to that of the United States Congress, being composed of a House of Representatives, made up of the general body of the students apportioned to the states, and a senate composed of several members from the different classes. Any member was allowed to introduced a bill. The clerk and assistant clerk having been elected, took their places at the desk and made a record of the days' proceedings. Each bill was read and discussed in its order. Each speaker was allowed to have ten minutes in which to speak, using the time in divisions or speaking the full ten minutes at once. Then, by a majority of the House, he would be given an extra two minutes in which to conclude his speech. The bill for the exclusion of the Chinese from Washington, Oregon and California, introduced by a younger member of Congress, was discussed with great interest and finally passed by an overwhelming majority. On the tariff question, the class president, Louis Frei, made a strong speech in its favor.

During the fourth year a portion of the students took up the Latin course, while others took French.

By hard work and taking extra hours, two of the number graduated with the June class, thereby leaving only twelve to complete the course at Christmas.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES

(By Principal E. M. Cox)

Graduation from school, whether it be from High School or from a higher institution, brings to the graduate a very much deeper consideration of the serious things of life than is customary with him at other times. At such times there is the breaking of the routine which has governed his actions and thoughts for many years, and the necessity for choosing an occupation or a new line of action is forced upon him. You members of this class, no doubt, are pondering over and weighing the significance of many things that have heretofore caused you no thought or anxiety. Even thoughts as to what you are "to do" or "to be" in this life have possibly been very vague and uncertain. Now questions of this nature hold pre-eminence in your minds and not only you, but your friends, acquaintances and the nation are concerned in these things.

It has been apparent to many of us that such considerations have not been wholly lacking to you while students. Most of you have been more serious about your school work than is usually the case. Long before this we have observed that the problems of life have come to you, and that what you are "being" and "doing" have entered into your consciousness.

Your friends and the community are concerned in this, else they would not have offered you these opportunities. They believe that by giving you education you will "be" and "do" what is best for the community and the nation. They believe that by learning from the experiences of humanity you will be better trained to act rightly in the future. This school and all other public schools are evidence that the people believe that education is essential to the life of the nation. These opportunities are given generously that they may beget helpfulness and generosity in you.

The world is not concerned as to what you are, or the prominence of your friends, or the "set" to which you belong. It is especially true that young people attach too great prominence to these things. Every generation shows, however, that, while in youth one person will not condescend to notice another, in but a decade or two he is begging for favors from the one he once so delighted to snub. It is not necessary to go to other generations or other communities and schools for our illustrations. There are boys and girls in our midst with a loftiness of character, purity of intention, love of right, and ambition in life, who, because of their homliness of manners, humble birth, or simplicity of clothing are being lorded over by the so-called "sets," who, because of what they are and will be, will in a few years be dispensing favors to those who feel that it is a condescension to even be in their presence. It is a matter to be gratified over to be a member of a "set" or "club" when the requirements for membership are based upon character and ability. This is the wholesome world standard. It has no provision regarding the quality of clothing, polish of manners, or accident of birth. The conditions which many boys and girls establish for admission to their "sets" would exclude the youthful Franklin, Lincoln, Clay, Webster, Jackson, Whittier, Longfellow, and many more of the promient men and women of our country. Their plain clothing, bashfulness and awkwardness of manner would have barred them notwithstanding the staunch integrity, honesty and loftiness that characterized them in youth as well as in manhood and womanhood.

An honest mind and a sympathetic heart will do the world more good, win you more comfort and happiness, and bind to you a greater host of friends than can any amount of polished manners, accumulation of riches, or prominence of friends. They will supply you with the genuine politeness which will surpass all the polish that can be given to the manners of one who is selfish and deceitful, and who attempts to assert his own superiority. They will give you a wealth of character greater than riches and they will bind to you friends of like character who will be a continual source of comfort and happiness.

If the work you have done here has given you truer standards of life, greater ability to accomplish, and a desire to advance, we shall feel that your time has been well spent and that you will be an honor to this institution whose name you are now to bear. The work of your class has been characterized by earnestness and straightfordwardness. Those of you who have influenced and directed the affairs of the class in this line will manage future events with which you are connected in the same manner. Thus you will have evidence of your appreciation of the favors you have received and confirm us in the beliefs we have as to your future character and influence.

As you are presented with your diploma today, your class will go forth with the stamp of our approval. We would have you depart with a determination to judge every theory and doctrine honestly; to base your opinion of all persons upon character rather than outward appearances and conditions; and to be fair and courteous to all.

Marriage Announcements—Benj. Corbin married Wednesday evening, December 17, 1902. (More to follow).

Deaths—Many suicides on account of above.

JACK GRAHAM AND FOOTBALL

It was Monday, 4:30 in the afternoon. Jack and his classmate, Dick, had just gave a hard round with the gloves in the gym. Then after a rest Jack said, "If the boys keep on training this week, as they have in the past, the cup is ours." So saying, he gave Dick a punch that almost sent him off the box. This started the boxing again, and after a five minute round the boys put on their caps and started home. There was to be a holiday Tuesday and they said they would finish the paper on Virgil in the morning. In the afternoon they were to play a practice game with the second team. The next day the two boys met in the library and began work. They worked little and talked much of the game. About 1:45 they left the library and went to the postoffice where Jack mailed the tickets to the Keswickers.

"Jack," said Dick, "Old man, my family are not at home and you just come around to my house to finish that paper. We can get some canned goods and 'batch' it." "Well," assented Dick. After their purchases were made they went into the neat, up-to-date cottage of the Grahams. Mr. Graham was the head of one of the prominent banks, and needed a rest, so he, with his family, had gone to the coast. Jack would not let them go until they agreed to be home by Saturday.

The two schools of Stockbridge and Keswick were to battle over the pigskin on Saturday. Jack Graham was elected Captain of the Stockbridge team and did justice to the position. He was a heavy man and played right half. The team liked Jack, and Jack the team.

It was Saturday, the day the team longed for. The excursion was to arrive at 11:30, but it came at 11:45. The noise from the train could be heard a mile off, but it was answered by the home school boys. Captain Graham met the team and led them to quarters. After a rest and a lunch, the two teams began to prepare for the game. At 2:30 the teams practiced and at 3:00 lined up. There was a call, "Captain's, ready?" "Yes," was answered back. Then went Jack's foot against the half and it sailed towards the 20 yard line. Long, who ran with the ball, was downed on the 35 yard line by the litlle quarter, Dick. Skipping on their noseguards, Jack and the others encouraged the men. "20, 16, 104, 96," rang out clearly. There was a skirmish and Keswick was downed on the 60 yard line—a big gain. Each Stockbridge player determined not to let this thing occur again. But, with a well supported buck, Woods made a touchdown.

Again it was Stockbridge's kick off, but at the first skirmish there was a fumble. The umpire called the ball in possession of the local team. First Dick called Jack's number (he could always depend on Jack) to go around end; but the opposing team tackeled him with only 3 yards to his credit. After a few more plays, Stockbridge made a touchdown off a Graham end run, and the score was even.

When the half was up, Jack and Dick (whose was as great as Jack's) encouraged the men and gave them lemons to suck, along with encouraging words.

The whistle rang out and then the two teams lined up. With the first down Jack lay groaning, his wind gone. But it returned and he was happy that it was not yards that were gone. As the second half grew short, the tackle gained some yards and placed the ball in front of the goal. Jack fell back for a place kick, and if ever a better one was made the team would like to have known of it. When the Keswickers saw this their faces grew long. They grew longer still when they saw the Stockbridge team walk, arm in arm, off the gridiron.

Every true Stockbridger remembers that famous game.

AFTER COMMENCEMENT

Miss Grace Butler intends to enter the San Francisco Normal School after graduating.

Robert Valdes will enter the College of Mining Engineering at Berkeley.

Louis Frei will enter the University of California.

Miss Helen Overton will take an extended trip East after commencement.

Miss Grace LeBaron will enjoy a year's vacation, after which she will enter the U. C.

Miss Alice Wright will take a post graduate course in Latin.

Miss Lulu Finley is undecided what she will do in the near future, as is Miss Farmer.

Jesse Wright, Will Neurauter, and Fred Wooley will take a post graduate course.

REGULATIONS

I. There shall be an annual debating contest at such a time as the debating committee shall determine.

II. The debating committee shall consist of the Principal of the High School, the teacher or teachers of English, and the President of the class of 1902.

III. The contestants in the annual debating contest shall number four (4), unless the debating committee shall vote otherwise.

IV. The name of the winner of the annual contest is to be inscribed on the cup, together with the year in which he won.

V. The debating committee shall have sole power in all matters concerning the contest; and they shall determine in such manner as they deem best who shall be entitled to enter the annual contest.

VI. All engraving on the cup shall be done under the supervision of the officers of the Class of June, 1902. Signed,

GEO. ANDERSON, Pres.,
LILLIE LINDLEY, Vice-Pres.,
MARY LEMMON, Sec.-Treas.
Officers of Class.

"The Porcupine"



Issued every school month in the interest of the Santa Rosa High School.

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EDITORAL STAFF

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ETHEL ABEEL ..... Exchange Editor
OLITA GATES, JESSE PETERS, ESTHER RHODES ..... Assistant Editors

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All personals, stories, literary articles, and items of interest to the paper should be sent to The Porcupine Santa Rosa, Cal.

We wish our readers and advertisers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

This is the Christmas edition of the Porcupine dedicated to the graduating class.

Christmas is near, and in doing your shopping remember our advertisers. Patronize them, and mention the Porcupine.

The football team has done very well this season considering the teams they have played, and they are also to be congratulated upon their efforts.

Again we look about us and see what a successful period the world has just passed over. It has been plainly shown during the last twelve months that civilization is progressing very rapidly.

Again the basket ball team deserves its share of praise for the part it has taken in school affairs this term. Although the team played but the one game it won that by fairly out-classing their opponents. The Vallejo team took their defeat gracefully, and the management for Santa Rosa is complimented on securing a game with such a team.

The time for graduation is here again, and again we must part with those who have been our companions for the last few years. The Christmas class of 1902 is one of exceptional merit, and in parting with them we will lose a worthy collection of students. During their stay at Santa Rosa High they have distinguished themselves in many lines, and their absence will be keenly felt in the part which they nobly upheld.

The term ending December 19th has been one of the most successful in the history of the school. Looking at it from all points of view, educational, social, and athletic. Higher records have been received on the average than ever before. There has been a closer affiliation and co-operation between teachers and pupils than ever before. The athletic teams have been very successful under the circumstances. We wish to congratulate the teachers and pupils upon the term's work.

The term ending also makes a reflection point for the staff of the Porcupine. During the four months of this term we have endeavored to publish a paper worthy of the school, and we hope we have succeeded. Although we have not received the support desired from the school, yet many have contributed in various ways, to whom we are very grateful. We are also grateful to the numerous merchants, who have felt interested in the success of the Porcupine and have kindly given their support.

"You are a brick," I did aver
To Daphne, by my side;
"A sort of pressed brick as it were,"
She roguishly replied. —Ex.

At a table in a hotel
A youth and maiden sat,
They didn't know each other,
But, then, what of that?

The youth picked up the sugar,
With a smile you seldom meet,
And passed it to her, saying,
"Sweets to the sweet."

She picked up the crackers,
And scorn was not lacked
As she passed them to him, saying,
"Crackers to the cracked," —Ex.

Wooden coffin,
Vain regrets,
Happens often,
Cigarettes.—Ex.

EXCHANGES

The Aegis for November is possessed of a very pretty cover.

The Tech is one of our best exchanges for this month. It has one very good story, "Little Joe's Thanksgiving."

We fail to find much merit in "A Poetical Story," in the November Tabula, but, other than this, the paper is very good.

The News, from East Orange, contains a very clever article on Horse Bucking. We only wish it could reach more of those for whom it is meant. We must admit that "Septibonia's Search" is at least a good advertisement.

The Oriole is up to its usual good standard.

We note with pleasure the arrival of a new exchange, The High School Review from Hamilton, Ohio.

The Record has several good stories in it this month.

The Triangle, from Sycamore, Ill., is a new exchange and is quite interesting.

Sparks, from Haywards, Cal., is resplendent in green and brown.

The Aegis, of Oakland, Cal., is as prompt and interesting as ever.

The Regina has come to us all the way from Ashland, Maine. We hope she will come often.

It looks as if The Student, from Covington, Ky., had gotten its cover on wrong side out.

The High School Sentiment, from Parsons, Kansas, should have an occasional story.

The October Herald has a most fetching cover.

The following other exchanges have been received by us: The Oak, Olla Podrida, The Balance Sheet, Delphic Echoes, Argus, The Tripod, The Susquehanna, and the Guard and Tackle.

Mary had a William goat,
Its tail was sort of bent!
And everywhere that Mary goes
The goat is sure to went.
He followed her to school, I say,
Which made her hot as fire,
For Mary rode her "bike" that day,
And Billy ate the tire. —Ex.

FOOTBALL NOTES

Still the team work and practice is going on and quite a team has been scraped together.

The league that was to have been formed has been broken up, as some of the schools could not afford $2.50 for the trophy that would have been put up.

Most of the games will be played, however, and although not in the league, they will cause nearly as much interest.

The Santa Rosa Business College has had two games already, and were victorious in both of them. They played Healdsburg at that place on Thanksgiving. The score was 6 to 0. Again, they played the Petaluma team and bore them down like leaves before a north wind.

On Thanksgiving our team had a game with Peralta Hall of Berkeley. This team was ten or fifteen pounds heavier to the man than we were, and thus were enabled to crush through our line to a hard-earned victory. They made one touchdown and missed the goal.

Our team showed much superior team work, and held out fine. The boys put up a stout game, but lost.

The ball was kicked off at 11:45 by Peralta and after being brought back from out of bounds it was kicked again. This time Wilson received it and carried it quite a ways. Two quick long runs followed. Jess Wright making the first of about fifteen yards, and Sanborn followed with one of equal distance. Things looked very bright at this point. But next a fumble occurred and we lost the ball at about the center of the field.

Peralta took the ball and at once began a series of bucks. They shoved the ball down to Santa Rosa's 20 yard line and there lost it on downs.

We gave a few short plays and then Sanborn circled the end with fine interference and got past the lines, and had a fine show for a touchdown but for the crowd upon the field. He ran into several in the way, and was forced out of bounds. This makes the second game that has occurred. Last time it was the game with Napa.

The ball was carried to the center of the field and was lying upon the dividing line when time was called, with the ball in possession of Peralta Hall.

Earl Riley was captain of the visiting team, and played fullback. He was put through the line when a gain was needed.

After a rest of ten minutes the whistle was blown and the teams lined up again. This time Santa Rosa kicked off to Peralta, and again the ball had to be brought back from out of bounds. Next time Sanborn kicked it to their right tackle who just touched it and it bounded off. Smith was there, caught the ball, and was not stopped until he gained the 25 yard line. Here we lost the ball on downs. Then Peralta began a series of bucks of the field and made a touchdown but missed the goal.

Again we kicked off and lined up for a struggle. They punted and brought the ball into our territory. Soon they were in front of our goal and they tried for a field goal, but it was blocked by Sanborn, who also succeeded in getting the ball.

The game ended with only the one score made. Peralta, 5; S. R. H. S., 0.

Quite a crowd witnessed the game, but not as large as was expected. A little money was cleared.

Some arrangements have been made for a game on Christmas. Other games come off on Wednesday, December 17th, with S. R. B. C., and probably on Saturday, the 20th, we play Petaluma.

The line-up of the Thanksgiving game was

as follows: Center, Smith, guards, Dodge and Hall; tackles, Valdees and Wilson; ends, Moodey and Geary; quarter, Neurauter; fullback, Parsons; halfbacks, Wright and Sanborn.

On Saturday, December 13th, Santa Rosa went to Healdsburg and defeated the Healdsburg team by a score of 39 to 0. It was decidedly a walk over, even though Healdsburg has been doing some hard training.

BASKET BALL

The only basket ball game which has been played in Santa Rosa this term has excited general enthusiasm. Our girls have been keyed up to a high pitch for some time and have done some admirable practice. They well deserved to win. At eleven o'clock of the eventful day all the members of the team were gathered at the S. P. station to receive the Vallejo team. When the train arrived the girls were all assigned to members of our team, who entertained them at lunch. Soon after one o'clock the crowd began to gather in Germania Hall and the upper gallery was crowded.

Mr. Cox was appointed time-keeper, Miss O'Meara referee, and Miss Longmore umpire, while Lottie Bonnell and Ida Brown acted as line men.

The ball was set in play and went into the Santa Rosa basket so suddenly that we hardly realized it. Three or four times the ball passed that way, but it could not be said to have been the fault of the playing on the opposition as our girls were so much taller than the others that it passed over their heads. But now luck began to change and Vallejo's score, partly through the splendid free throws of Miss Farmer, crept up until at the end of the second half the score stood 8 to 6 in our favor.

It was an interesting and closely contested game, and much skill was exhibited on both sides. Both teams were satisfied, there were no hard feelings, and altogether it was the most successful game Santa Rosa has played.

The Vallejo girls could not have taken defeat better nor appeared more charming than they did. They gave the Santa Rosa team a much appreciated compliment and one which is much to our credit, that we played a splendid game and did not come anywhere near their expectation concerning our reported "roughness."

We hope to have a return game soon, and also that it will have as successful a result as this one.

The line-ups were as follows:

Vallejo—Elsie Wiedman (captain), center; Nellie Decker, center; Inez Farmer, left goal; Edith Brownlee, right goal; Hazel Denio, right guard; Mabel Thompson, left guard.

Santa Rosa—Frances Woolsey (captain), center; Alice Sweetser, center; Edna Purrington, left goal; Marie Pierce, right goal; Marie Griffith, right guard; Gertrude Joost, left guard.

SCHOOL NOTES

Several of the Santa Rosa teachers will attend the meeting of the State Teachers' Association at Los Angeles, held during the midwinter vacation. Prof. Cox, Roy Fryer, and Miss Hathaway will represent the High School. Prof. Cox will deliver an address before the Council of Education of which he is a member.

News of the death of Harry Van Wormer caused much regret among the High School students. Harry Van Wormer was formerly a student at this school and formed a wide circle of friends here.

The Lawson Optical Co. have successfully fitted several of the High School students with glasses which are giving satisfaction. See their ad.

On Saturday evening, December 13th, the June class of 1903 gave a farewell reception in honor of the graduating class. It was a very enjoyable affair, the guests being entertained by an excellent programme, games and dancing. Refreshments were served, and the assemblage dispersed with many fond farewells.

On Friday evening, November 28th, a company of High School girls gave an elaborate dancing party in Society Hall. The hall was very prettily decorated. The guests numbered about sixty. Dainty refreshments were served and every one pronounced the party a success.

School closed December 19th for the Christmas vacation, and will not re-open until January 5, 1903.

The baccalaurate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Peter Colvin, pastor of the First Christian Church, on Sunday evening, December 14th. Rev. Colvin's subject was "Progress in Life." The graduating class attended in a body, as well as many other High School students.

BROOKS' HALL GHOST

It was just two days before Christmas in England. It promised to be a typical, old-fashioned day of praise. The ground was already covered with snow piled in great drifts against the fences and barns; the eaves of the houses were edged with glistening icicles. The bare trees loomed dark and prominent against the white earth and sky. The little snow birds hopping from branch to branch, chirped forth their approval and delight.

The country home of Squire Brooks, not far from the little village of Northampton, was in great excitement, for the squire never could allow such a day to pass without a merry crowd about him.

From the kitchen came the delicious odor of roasted meats, plum pudding and mince pies. The old cook ran from pantry to kitchen in great excitement, scolding and sampling the various dainties at the same time, while the timid housemaid fled to the furthest corner to escape her wrath.

With the appearance of Miss Mabel and Miss Bess ("the two black plagues," as the cook persisted in calling them), there arose a new storm and it was not until she had driven them both from the kitchen that all was serene again, and the frightened maid ventured from her corner.

The two young ladies had just returned from their boarding school that morning; Mabel with the honors of a graduate and Bess filled with hopes.

They were both brunettes, with a great wealth of black hair, sparkling black eyes, and rosy cheeks. Mabel was the older of the two, having just reached her twentieth birthday. Beautiful, sparkling and witty, she charmed all. Bess was vastly different from her sister. She cared not for society and admiration. A jolly good time and the love and admiration of her father was all she craved.

With much merriment the day passed, each train bringing some new arrival to partake of the old squire's hospitality.

The next morning when they were all gathered about the breakfast table and the old squire was looking over his mail, he announced with a twinkle in his eyes that the girls' cousin, Horace Brooks, and his best friend at Oxford college, Clifford Hope, were to arrive that morning to spend Christmas with them. This was met with great delight. From Bess' end of the table came a chuckle of approval, so they all knew mischief was brewing. Bess and Horace had always been hostile, since they were small children, and even if Bess was a young lady of nineteen and he a man of nearly twenty-two they still kept up their childish warfare.

Bess arose abruptly from the table, and singing, strolled out on the broad veranda to feed the little snow birds. She was a sight to please anyone, her beautiful face glowing with health and happiness. Suddenly changing her mind, she wheeled about and went in search of the stable boy to whom she gave orders to saddle Nig. Soon she was speeding along the wide country road, her riding habit of holly red contrasting with the glossy black of her hair. Her mind was busy. Her revenge, what should it be? Horace must be beaten by her once.

Nig, finding himself allowed to wander at random, fell into a lazy walk.

Ah! she had it. Horace should see ghosts! A merry laugh fell on the frosty air as she tapped Nig and started off into a lively gallop.

There had been an old legend connected with the hall of how the beautiful daughter of one of its old masters had been murdered on Christmas Eve, and every Christmas Eve, exactly at twelve o'clock, her ghost wandered through the house. The servants had become so superstitious and frightened over this story that the old squire had forbidden it to be mentioned. As Bess galloped along, she decided that Horace should see that phantom at any cost.

She drew rein at the station just as the train rolled in. The next minute Horace was receiving greetings from Mabel, Bess, and the squire all at once. He was a great strapping fellow, with a figure that told of healthy outdoor sports. His friend was of a slighter build, but with such a frank, boyish face, that he won the regards of the squire at once.

Horace regarded his cousins with great admiration, and after duly presenting his friend, began to wage war on Bess.

"Ah! Bessie, arn't you afraid that horse will throw you? Why, Uncle, I'm surprised at your allowing such a small girl to ride that horse."

The squire burst into a hearty roar and, slapping Horace on the back, exclaimed, "The same old torment." As for Miss Bess, she was clattering down the road at a lively gate.

All that day Bess wore a mischievous smile and treated Horace with more than usual cordiality, receiving his taunts with a gracious good nature. That evening they all drew their chairs about the great roaring fire and soon there issued through the house peals of laughter and merry chatter. They roasted apples and chestnuts, and placed on one end of the wide hearth the good old-fashioned mug of cider.

With much merriment the evening wore away and it was quite late when Bess rose to follow the rest to bed. Just before she left, she caught the mug of cider and, holding it high in the air, said:

"To Brooks' Hall Ghost!"

As she darted from the room she was followed by a peal of laughter from Horace.

As good luck would have it the boys decided to remain up longer. Bess was highly pleased as she went to her room. There she revealed her plan to Mabel, who pronounced it a capital joke. Bess hauled out of the tall dresser a dipper of flour, at which Mabel collapsed into a fit of mirth. Bess proceeded to cover her face with the flour until she resembled a snow drift

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and her eyes great, black caverns. Then letting her hair fall down her back and over her shoulders, proceeded to wrap a sheet about her and glided up and down before the glass until Mabel felt the cold shivers run up and down her back. Looking at the clock, she saw it was just five minutes to twelve. Quickly catching up a candle, she hurried out of the room and down the hall, then up the stairs that went to the third floor, so that she should be coming down to the second floor just as the boys reached it.

Horace and Clifford had been laughing and telling jokes about the boys at college until the fire burnt low and then, pushing their chairs back, prepared to go to their rooms. When they were half way up the great staircase, the clock in the hall struck twelve, Clifford whispered "Brooks' Hall Ghost."

Horace cast a glance behind him, but below all remained silent. As they came up to the second floor, all was dark except for one jet that was burning at the end of the hall opposite to where the stairs came down from the upper floor. As they reached the head of the stairs and were starting down the hall, Horace stopped as if frozen to the spot, his eyes bulging from their sockets and his breath coming in gasps. Clifford looked the way indicated and clutched at the wall. There, in front of them, slowly descending the stairs, was Brooks' Hall Ghost, with its long, black hair, sunken eyes, and pallid face. The white robe trailing after it on which the flickering candle cast a ghostly light. It was dreadful. The boys stood as if paralyzed, then, with one impulse, turned and plunged down the stairs. It seemed an eternity before they were back into the drawing room. They locked the doors behind them and then dropped, white and exhausted, into their chairs. Neither spoke. The dying embers threw a ghostly light on the wall. Somewhere in the house a shutter banged. Both boys started and gazed behind them, then exchanged glances. So they sat until the grey light of dawn began to steal through the windows and they heard the old butler unlocking the doors, and Hannah in the kitchen. Then silently they stole upstairs, where everything remained unchanged.

The next morning the rest had long been seated at the table before the boys put in an appearance, and it was then with haggard faces and heavy eyes.

The "Merry Christmas" they received was returned with less zest than it was offered.

Bess said she wondered if any of the servants had seen the ghost, and saw, with great satisfaction, the boys exchange meaning glances.

But she was not yet ready to take her revenge.

The boar's head and all the goodies of a Christmas dinner had lost their attraction for the boys.

All during the day one or the other could be discovered dozing in some remote corner of the house.

That evening Bess revealed the story of the ghost and the sleepless night of the boys, at which everyone shouted in high glee at Horace and Clifford until they retreated to their rooms.

Next morning, as Bess waved a farewell, she shouted, "Remember Brooks' Hall Ghost!"

BRISTLES

Doings in Happy Geom II

1. C. S.—"Where did you get the pies?"
J. G.—"Stole 'em!"

2. Forty minutes recreation.

3. J. G. (explaining)—How can you circle the pies?
W. N.—They circle when Geary is around.

4. Frei (demonstrating proposition)—We know this is eqaul to that, because that is equal to this. And this here is equal to that, so this is equal to the other.

5. Can G., Geom. II, trisect an angle ?

6. They propose to square a circle before Christmas.

7. J. W. owns the floor of the Algebra room. Miss L. gave it to him.

8. Don't worry, Harris will soon publish a new grown pony!

9. Miss L.—"Can't any of you prove this."
No one responds.
"Then I see you finish!"

10. Does Ach Louis still like macroons for class parties.

11. Russel lost his temper the other day. Finder please return.

12. Have you seen it? B. L.'s dinky little tie.

13. When boys and girls talk together in the hall they are spoons. Then, if they talk together at a table they will be tablespoons.

14. Lemmon is afraid he'll get squeezed if he plays football.

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15. John—"Why is it that most of the girls are afraid of mice when they wear rats in their hair?"

Will—"How do you know they wear 'em?"

John—"I saw Marion have one, and I saw Helen putting one on the other day. Ain't that proof?"

16. Prentiss gets so hot playing football that he boils on the neck.

17. Roy—"Say, Tom, I see hair is up-to-date."

Tom—"How's that?"

Roy—"Didn't you notice those four maids in the study hall Monday, December 8th?"

Tom—"No, what four?"

Roy—"Those with ,the top knots, Irene Lulu, Ethel and Roema.

18. Eng. V., Lawson—He was twenty years of old.

19. Com. Geog., Miss Y.—"Where do they get the iron?"

Student—"They bring it over the mountains in pigs."

20. Com. Geog., Miss Y.—"The fruit of Maryland is a peach."

21. How would you like to sit on the school steps at 9 o'clock in the evening? It must be nice!

22. Miss L.—"I think this class is all hot air!"

23. When did Noonan change his name to Geary in Algebra?

24. Corbin's second day at school. J. C. C.—"Say, Corbin, you raising rough house?"

B. C.—"No, not yet."

25. On front board in study hall. Roy Fryer tardy, 4:15.

26. Mr. Cox—"What does pawn mean?"

H. W.—"When anybody is in straightened circumstances he takes a piece of jewelry to a jew shop."

27. Eng. V, Miss O'—"What does 'knapping ginger' mean?"

R. W.—"Doesn't that mean picking the ginger off the trees?"

Congressional Reports (Latest)

Special to the Porcupine, via longest leased wire

Washington—S. R. H. S. First edition.

3:23, Hitchcock sat down amid roar of prolonged applause and a shower of bouquets.

"Jack rabbit" Smith then delivered a powerful hurricane.

3:30, Miss Fitzgerald expresses her able opinions.

3:35, W. B. Davis of Calif. takes floor, handles subject with ease.

3:40, Mr. Sanborn is now expressing weighty arguments in behalf of the bill.

3:44, Mr. Winton (honorable representative from Missouri) is expressing 'windy' thoughts. House spell bound.

3:46, Mr. Schaupp has house charmed. Expresses his opinion on result of green American housewives' cooking.

3:50, General hot discussion between Miss Fitzgerald, Messrs. Frei, Briggs, Davis, and Sanborn.

3:52, With these words, "Vote for this bill," Mr. Winton and his second round, the star of the house. Latest.

3:54, Corbin of 17th N. Y. discusses the possibility of Mr. Hitchcock carrying a scalping knife in his sleeve and a whetstone in his pocket.

3:56, Peter borrows the floor for six minutes.

4:00, Congress adjourns. Anti-Chinese bill not voted upon.

Second Edition

2:15, General debate.

2:30, Chinese Exclusion bill referred to committee. Geary chairman.

General debate again. Bill 2 (compelling arbitration) made special order for next session, also Committee Bill on Chinese expulsion.

3:00, Congress adjourns.

Third Edition

1:30, House opens. In general appearance of the day fine discussion will be slow.

1:35, Committee Chinese expulsion bill is debated by those favoring it.

Mr. Hitchcock again speaks.

1:40, Mr. Winton adds to his former arguments.

1:45, Vote taken. Bill passes by big majority. Opposition taken by surprise and shut out of the debate.

1:47, Bill No. 2 comes to debate and is introduced by Miss Fitzgerald.

1:49, Miss Fitzgerald still on floor. Now dis-

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cussing her coal supply and contents of her mail.

1:54, Mr. Winton explains the meaning of the bill.

2:00, Bill No. 2 passes by easy majority. No speaking on oposition.

Tariff bill set for next session, irrigation bill read. Congress adjourned 2:15.

Fourth Addition

2:15, Tariff bill brought up for debate.

2:20, Frei tells them all about protective tariff. Great applause.

2:30, Winton interprets the meaning of the bill.

2:39, Nails at $2.75 create a hot time between Sanborn, Frei and Davis.

2:45, Miss Miller discussed postoffice property in connection with tariff.

2:55, Miss Dickson ably defends prosperity.

2:57, Miss Fitzgerald addresses the speaker, Fellow Congressmen and especially the opposition.

2:57, Latest—The opposition accept a challenge.

3:00, Congress adjourns. Miss Adams hammering away at free trade. Bill goes over to another day's discussion.

Mr. Fryer—High School bill poster. Prominent bill boards reserved for individual advertisers.

Why is it that certain girls do not fear the bold and vicious pirates?

Teacher (Geom. I)—"How do you erect a perpendicular?"

Bright Pupil—"With chalk."

Teacher—"I did not call upon you Mr. McK——.

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Miss O'M. (Eng II)—When did Homer live?"

Marion N.—"In the Homeric age."

Prof Chris—(In Chem. Lab.)—"Boys, what does this smell like?" holding a glass for a boy to smell.

Smart Boy—"It smells like some kind of fruit."

Prof. (laughing)—"This is brandy."

How many ducks did "Prof. Bub Harris" kill at Valley Ford? It is said he killed 3.00.

Prof. C. gave a (magic lantern exhibition in the Lab. to some girls. Oh! it was so dark.

It is said that Page is well versed in the art of painting.

Why did Corbin ask F. W. how far it was to Fulton?

Peters entertained four young ladies in his sub-congress the other day. You know who they were.

Levy won (?) the game for Petaluma, o to 2.

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Who wrote the extensive bill of fare in the Latin room? Six courses of beef.

Miss O'M. thinks meat-heads are not good to read, especially for a few of the boys in Eng. VII.

Mr. Cox (Hist. VII)—"What is a masculine mind?"

H. B.—"Not like a woman's—not weak."

Teacher—Mr. Wright is always right. I wish there were more rights.

One of the Girls—There is a chance for some of us.

M. N. Y. (Biol. II)—"Have fleas teeth to chew their food with?"

Mr. F.—"You ought to know by experience."

R. D. to H. S.—"What did you kill Saturday?"

H. L.—"A rabbit, by gosh, but it ran away."

L. D. going shopping for mamma the first time:

"I want two pounds of paralized sugar."

"Yes, sir."

"Two tins of condemned milk."

"Yes, sir."

"A bag of fresh salt, sure its fresh."

"Yes, sir, next."

"One pound of decorated codfish."

"Nothing more, sir." We have some fine horse radish just in."

"No, we have no use for it. We have no horse.

Latest Thing Out—Have a chew—better than Beeman's pepsin gum. Peter's chemical compound. Following pure ingredients used: Glucose, 1 part; parraffine, 2 parts; granulated pepsin, ¼ part. Used by all chemistry fiends.

Mr. Cox—"Mention some of the guide posts of history."

T. Parsons—"Colonel Cody of the Wild West show."

N. B.—This is the last of the Peter joshes.

DISTRESS

Bang! Bang! Bang!
On the school piano all day
And I wish my tongue might utter
The thoughts I cannot say

Oh, well for the man who labors,
Who digs and delves all day;
For at least he does not have to hear
The musical instrument play.

With heads high cocked in air
And hats upon our breast,
We slowly crawl, or gently prance
With light majestic zest.

Sing to me, "After the Ball,"
Or hammer my teeth full of gold;
But let me live my natural life
Without agony untold.

Bang! Bang! Bang!
For ages yet to be.
But still I'll try not to utter
The thoughts that arise in me.—F. M.

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